THE JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1896.

Entered in the Post Office in New York as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month.....40
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year.....$4.50
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Month.....30
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Year.....$3.00
SUNDAY Alone, Per Year.....$1.50

Three times the above rates in all foreign countries, except Mexico and Canada.

All money remitted at risk of sender.

In order to secure attention, subscribers wishing their addresses changed must give their old as well as new address.

IN ENGLAND The Journal can be purchased at the office of the International Publishing Company, Trafalgar Buildings, No. 1 Northumberland avenue, London, S. W. Also from Smith, Ainslie & Co., Ormonde House, 28 Newcastle street, Strand, London, W. C.

Journal readers will confer a favor upon the publisher if they will send information to this office of any news stand, railway train or passenger steamboat where a New York paper should be on sale and the Journal is not offered.

THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and cooler.

From a financial standpoint, Mr. Hanna is grooming the only viewless candidate in the race.

No doubt when Mr. Hanna reaches St. Louis he will be called upon to treat some of his instructed delegates for defective memories.

It is strongly suspected that recent events have converted Mr. Speaker Reed, and that he is no longer an advocate of a short session of Congress.

The Populists have managed to avert at least one calamity. Mr. Tillman declares that he will not join that party, no matter what may happen at Chicago.

The next time Tom Reed wants a man to throw a trocha across a New England State, he will hardly select Hon. Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, for the job.

With McKinley in the White House, he will be able to capitalize Hon. John E. Milholland with "pap" to such an extent that the latter will be able to engage in easy bossism on his own account.

One of Quay's Pennsylvania friends was so disgusted over the outlook that he committed suicide. However, it is not believed that Mr. Depew's dejection over the Morton prospects will lead him to anything quite so rash.

Mr. Reed has reached that stage of placidity in which he can hear his name mentioned in connection with the Vice-Presidency without being thrown into convulsions. However, it may be that Mr. Hanna has made arrangements, and there is more disappointment in store for the Maine man.

By an error in transcribing figures from the report of the Secretary of the Treasury for 1892, the Journal was made to say yesterday, in an answer to a correspondent, that the amount of gold in the United States Treasury on July 1 of that year was $2,555,577,706, an error as preposterous as it was obvious. The actual amount in the Treasury at that time, acording to the Secretary's report, was $255,706,511.

The celerity with which Oom Paul Krueger goes "up higher" in his investigations into the British conspiracy to steal his republic must bring the blush of envy to the cheek of the members of the late Lexow Committee. Beginning at Jameson, Krueger has gone higher with rapid strides, swept the idol Rhodes from his pedestal, thrown a pall of dark suspicion around the public life of the veteran Hercules Robinson, and brought his array of damaging facts to the door of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. In the Colonial Secretary he has reached the top, presumably, for there is no evidence to cause any one to suspect that the Prince of Wales was to be let in on the ground floor in the scheme to annex by force an entire nation. Wales has his faults, but he is no pirate.

A STRIDE FOR REFORM.

President Cleveland has signed an order extending the Civil Service rules to a great number of offices which have hitherto been freely used for political barter and sale. The principal offices included are those of bureau chiefs, assistants, chief clerks, deputy collectors of customs, Assistant Commissioner of Internal Revenue and deputy naval officers. Collectors of internal revenue are authorized by law to choose one chief deputy, but other assistants, if any, must have passed the civil service examinations. Fourth class postmasters are still exempt, but the President has requested the Civil Service Commission to formulate a plan to apply the rules to them also.

This order has not been promulgated, but it has been read and approved at a Cabinet meeting, and will be published officially in a few days. It is the most comprehensive order in the direction of civil service reform ever issued, including not only a great number of offices, but those of higher grades than have heretofore been exempted from the rule of the spoilsman. The effect of this order will be to deprive the President, and all of those nearest to him at ...ton, of a great deal of patron... the ardor of many ...o have expected ... through po... the civil ser... improve the ...ber of incompetent officers and prevent some of the worst abuses of the spoils system.

The marvel of it is that there should have been opposition to putting the civil service of the nation on a business basis. The demoralization of public service by the spoils system is to-day the most potent argument against that extension of the functions of the State in which alone is to be found protection for the people against the rapacity of the men who have gained control of natural monopolies and exploit them for their own profit.

CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT.

Ex-President Harrison is quoted as saying that the next Republican President will have a term of office full of vexation and worry. He will have a very intractable Congress on his hands, says Mr. Harrison—employing almost literally the phrase which brought so much ridicule upon President Cleveland—and will scarcely be able to maintain, in the face of the opposition of the Senate, the honor and credit of the nation. By all of which it appears Mr. Harrison thinks that the next President should pursue the Cleveland plan of maintaining gold monometallism, even though one or both of the legislative houses be antagonistic.

The development of the functions of the American Executive is the most curious feature in the evolution of our government. The members of the Constitutional Convention who looked upon the proposition for a President with some suspicion, and hedged about the office, as they thought, with every possible safeguard against its becoming the dominant factor in the state, would stand aghast could they study the present situation. The President, according to the plain intent of the Constitution makers, is co-equal with House and Senate. It is not incumbent upon him to supinely register their decrees, and that he may have a constitutional form of protest, the veto is granted him. But neither is he superior to Congress. Nothing in the Constitution or the debate upon it can be construed to show the President wholly independent of and irresponsible to the legislative branch.

Yet, in these later days, we find Presidents deploring that they have Congress on their hands, and seemingly regretful that they cannot, like Cromwell, turn out the lawmakers who refuse to act according to their will. We see them using the Federal offices shrewdly and successfully to cajole Congressmen into doing their bidding. We find them, through their appointees, actually nullifying acts of Congress, as did Carlisle in the Alcohol Rebate law, Morton in the seed distribution and Bowler in the sugar bounties. Sometimes they issue bonds upon dubious statutory authority. To-day marks a most glaring instance of Presidential indifference to the rights and authority of Congress, being exactly one month since the House passed resolutions demanding the recognition of Cuban belligerency. To those resolutions, adopted, as they were, by a vote of ten to one in the House and an overwhelming majority in the Senate, the President has given no answer. They are pigeon-holed as contemptuously as though they came from a schoolboy lyceum.

Perhaps instead of further discussion of the stock question, "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" it might be well to consider what to do with our Presidents, in order to make them understand that their business is to preside, not to rule. The authority nearest the people, most imediately responsible to the people and most in touch with the people is the House of Representatives. Expressed contempt for it from the President is undemocratic and unintelligent.

SANDPILES IN THE PARKS.

An afternoon newspaper, describing the present state of the new park which is to replace Mulberry Bend, says: "The curbstones of Mulberry street are lined every warm afternoon with hundreds of black-eyed and naked-legged youngsters, who gaze wistfully toward the fresh dirt across the cobble stones."

The picture has in it the touch of nature. It has in it, too, useful suggestion for the Park Department. The childish desire to dabble in dirt, to make intimate acquaintance with and be redolent of the soil, is natural, healthy, instinctive. It is as strongly marked in our artificial life of to-day as it was a thousand years ago, when the Greeks put it into a fable and told of the giant who as often as he fell to the earth regained his waning strength, and could not be undone until his conqueror held him in the air and kept him from seeking renewed vigor on Mother Earth's bosom.

In these downtown parks of ours, planned as they are for the children of planned as they are for the children of the teeming tenements, the Park Department could do much for child life and children's happiness by providing plentifully of piles of white, clean sand for the little ones to play in. Smooth lawns which may not be trod upon, bright flowers which must not be picked, cool fountains which tempt to an unlawful bath, pavilions which offer hospitality to the "spieler," are well enough in their way, but for the children is needed something less artificial, something which will amuse, while keeping them in the open air. The Park Department has already heard the arguments in favor of the sandpiles, and, indeed, has decided favorably to them. It only needs that the favorable decision already reached be given effect. Why not begin with the new downtown parks?

THE RAPID TRANSIT PROBLEM.

As Mayor and as member of the Rapid Transit Commission, the Hon. W. L. Strong should deal very warily with two eminent gentlemen who visited his office the other day via the subcellar, being too modest to make their entry by the more common and public way. Messrs. Gould and Sage are dangerous companions for a Mayor. His employers, the people of New York, will look on his association with these worthies much as the directors of a national bank might regard the intimacy of their cashier with "Billy" McGlory and "Hungry Joe."

Messrs. Gould and Sage possess just now a very profitable monopoly of the business of carrying New Yorkers up and down town. The manner in which they have utilized this monopoly for their own profit and to the entire discomfort of their passengers led the voters of the city to vote in favor of going into the railroad business themselves. The threatened competition doubtless agitates Messrs. Sage and Gould, and it is readily understandible that they would seek the Mayor's office, even via the coal hole or the chimney, if they saw prospect of making a secret deal to avert it.

The people do not believe that the managers of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad are longer to be trusted with the monopoly of rapid transit facilities in this city. They cannot and will not give the facilities which Greater New York demands. Their ramshackle structure will not stand the double decking which is suggested, and the better sense of the people will not permit the surrender to them of Battery Park at their demand. No plan they have suggested promises a final solution of the problem, and it would be concessions which would enable them to enter more advantageously into competition with the road to be built by the people. Mr. Sage has already predicted that he will buy in that road at 15 cents on the dollar. Is he seeking now to get the Mayor's aid in furthering that financial operation?

Mayor Strong will do well to remember that the vote for rapid transit was in effect a vote of no confidence in Sage and Gould.

Rubber tires for all kinds of vehicles have been proved by experience to be practicable. Not only so, but they have proved economical in saving the streets and prolonging the life of the wheels. Moreover, they are noiseless and smooth riding. This being the case, it is strange that hospital ambulances are not equipped with them. It is true their springs and swinging mattresses somewhat reduce the effects of the jolting over rough streets, but they do not abate the noise. That, to a delicate, nervous person, or one acutely ill or dangerously wounded, is excruciating pain. The noiseless tires, too, suggest noiseless shoes for horses. The clatter of iron-shod hoofs is strangely at variance with noiseless tires. Frequently the object of the noiseless tires is lost because of the clatter of the horse's iron-shod hoofs.

While the singular people who form the population of Madrid are engaged in carrying on a gorgeous ceremonial in order to induce Saint Isidro to come out of his thirteenth century retirement and effect the suppression of the Cuban rebellion, Generals Maceo and Gomez stand like destiny at the post of duty, ready to put an end to the rebellion in the only way in which it can be terminated—the absolute freedom of their beloved island. While believing that the God of battles will steel their soldiers' hearts, they have no time for the mummeries of the Middle Ages. They do not hope to win by burning tapers or telling beads, but by strenuous effort amid hunger, horror and death. The contrast between the superstitious mummeries of Madrid and the manly policy of the Cuban patriots, who believe that God helps those who help themselves, is calculated to make fresh friends for the Cuban cause. Instead of praying for the suppression of the rebellion, the Spaniards would do well to ask their patron saint to send them plenty of public schools. Hope for Spain in the future lies in education alone.

M. Zola never fails to show his journalistic sympathies when this can be usefully done, and a three-column exposition in the Figaro of his views respecting the future mission of the Societe des Gens de Lettres has enabled him to pay a graceful tribute to the power of the press. His dream is that the elite intellectuelle should become the bond to unite nations and preserve peace among them. "When I went to London," he says in an impassioned peroration, "to assist at the congress of journalists I was struck by the power which a universal press might exercise if the journalistic associations of the entire world came to an understanding, meeting together every year in a sort of federal assembly, when every nation would be represented, where common interests would be discussed in such a way that their incalculable force would be at the service of justice and fraternity." All this is admirable, but it may be remarked that two international press congresses have already taken place, and, better still, that the rules and constitutions of a permanent international press association, having its permanent bureau at Paris, were approved and accepted by the International Press Congress held at Bordeaux last year.

"Colonel" North, the Dead Nitrate King.

Until the appearance of Barney Barnato upon the scene "Colonel" North, the "Nitrate King" filled in the eyes of the British people the role of "Sir Giorgias Midas," a creation of Du Maurier, destined to personify the vulgar, but on the whole good-hearted parvenu, the original whom the artist had in view, when he first put him into the pages of Punch, having been the late Sir George Elliot. Down to three years ago, when the boom in South African stocks brought the exclown, Barney Barnato to the fore, "Colonel" North was the subject of the most ridiculous stories and anecdotes, some true, others merely fathered upon him. But he took them all good naturedly, good humoredly, rather enjoyed them in fact, since he looked upon them as tending to bring his name more prominently before the public. And publicity was his mania. He would have derived no enjoyment from his wealth had he not been able to make a great display thereof and to attract attention thereby. Starting in life as a laborer, he educated himself into a mechanic and emigrated as such to Chili, where by means of the development of the nitrate trade and by successful speculation, he acquired a fortune of such magnitude that he has often been cited as one of the six richest men in the world.

Like Baron Hirsch, who died the other day, he was exceedingly generous in the distribution of his wealth, his charities extending, as in the case of the Baron, not only to benevolent institutions, but also to those of the aristocracy and even of royalty who were in need of financial assistance. It is no calumny to state that in this latter respect, at any rate, the munificence of the Colonel was of an interested character, seeing that he hoped to purchase social recognition thereby. These hopes were never realized, and although he was patronized for a time by the Prince of Wales and by Lord Randolph Churchill, yet he was too much a subject of ridicule and even of aversion to admit of his ever acquiring the same foothold in English society as Baron Hirsch. The latter spoke broken English, but the Colonel spoke vulgar English, revelled in slang, and was totally incapable of ever putting the aspirate in its right place, the loud and boisterous tone of his voice rendering this confusion of the "h" especially noticeable.

No one knows how many millions of dollars the Colonel has placed at the disposal of King Leopold of Belgium, but the sum must have been a very large one, since otherwise a man so delicate, elegant and refined in his tastes and manners could never have put up with the vulgarity and the boisterous familiarity of such a person as "Colonel" North. Thus, not content with receiving the Colonel with honors which can only be described as royal, at his palace at Brussels and at his marine residence at Ostend, His Majesty actually went to the length some time ago of placing at the disposal of his English friend his most beautiful castle in the Ardennes Mountains, where the Colonel was permitted to entertain at the King's expense a succession of shooting parties of his city friends, men as vulgar and as noisy as himself. Of course, it flattered Colonel North greatly to be able to show to his acquaintances in London that he was on terms of sufficient intimacy with a full-fledged King to be able to use His Majesty's palaces as his own.

It is stated that the Colonel gave no less than two million dollars for a sandy beach extending several miles beyond the royal residence at Ostend, and which at present lies waste, and only a few weeks ago the Belgian papers contained the record of the transfer of a large section of royal forest land in the Ardennes Mountains to Colonel North, for a sum of $2,500,000. These purchases of land had one result—namely, that of bringing King Leopold to England as a frequent guest at his country house. In fact, the Colonel has acted during the last seven months very much as if he owned the King, who will be much embarrassed to repay all the money advanced if called upon by the executors of the Colonel to do so.

A year ago Colonel North was invited to Sandringham to stay with the Prince of Wales, his fellow guests being Mr. William Waldorf Astor and Mr. J. Robinson, one of the South African millionaires. London society was considerably staggered by this queer selection of guests, since although the Prince is very liberal minded as regards his aquaintances in town he, like most fast men, is exceedingly particular as to the people he invites to stay at Sandringham, which is the home par excellence of the Princess and of her daughters. But society recovered from its shock when its attention was called to the fact that the visit of Colonel North, of Mr. Astor and of Mr. Robinson was so timed as to happen simultaneously with the annual sale of the horses raised on the Sandringham Stud Farm, which is one of the Prince's pet hobbies. The guests responded properly, and the horses purchased by the trio were bought at prices which were declared by experts to be absolutely fantastic, more than five times the real value of the nags.

It must have been, however, a somewhat severe shock for the Prince to learn as he did a few weeks later that Colonel North attributed to His Royal Highness his defeat as candidate for Parliament for the city of Leeds. In a speech made from a platform in London, and which was reported in all the papers, he spoke as follows: "I had an invite from the Prince of Wales to go to Sandringham during the two most important days of the campaign. Of course, I had to go. I couldn't help myself. Worse luck. It made a big difference. I am certain that I should have got into Parliament if it hadn't been for that." There is every reason to believe, however, that if the Colonel had been elected he would have been quickly unseated for the electoral offense of 'treating.'" The amount of liquor consumed in Leeds at his expenses during the three days that intervened between the commencement of the election and the final declaration of the result, surpassed even that of ante-reform days, wine and spirits and beer, flowing like water. Half the city was intoxicated, the Colonel more so than any one else, and his conduct as well as his utterances were of such an extravagant character that his opponent Mr. Herbert Gladstone, after the decision had been announced, felt himself justified in declining to pay his defeated opponent the customary courtesies, or to honor him with any kind of notice.

As in the case of Baron Hirsch, the principal weakness of an otherwise strong and remarkable character was the craving for distinction in a social way and for recognition by a society which, blind to his very numerous merits, would not have him at any price whatsoever. It was this weakness that was played upon by many a titled blackleg in London, and it is probable that there have been few millionaires who have ever been surrounded with a more contemptible and unblushing crowd of aristocratic parasites than those who helped to make up the court of the red-haired, red-whiskered, red-moustached and red-faced Nitrate King.

A New Phase of City Hospitality.

The hospitality of this city is boundless. The happiness of being an out-of-town merchant is that twice a year he can come to New York. The joy of learning is that here are the schools of art, medicine, of science, law. In Summer there are few resorts that do not lead through Broadway. Anything, everything furnishes an excuse for witnessing the inspiring pageant of the streets, the glory of the shop windows, the luxury of the big hotels, and of refurbishing the person with the latest things in necktles and confections, of lace and chiffon.

The whole country knows of the shops, the museums, the theatres, music halls and roof gardens. But these by no means exhaust the hospitalities of the town. The vicissitudes of life are not dispelled by the gayety of the town. The most opulent sojourner cannot always purchase immunity from aches and pains. These, too, are provided for. Far be it from a great town to fail in consideration for the lonely visitor overtaken by illness in a hotel. There are house doctors and trained nurses, but a hotel physician of experience says he has found his patient's temperature rising with the thought that the money intended for theatres and drives had to be spent in tipping chambermaids and bell boys.

Nor does the polite and patient hotel crave the guest who demands odors of carbolic, ether, iodoform and other perfumes that refuse to respect the doors and transoms and announce illness to other guests. Nor do these desire to restrain their voices and walk on tiptoe because of connecting doors. Also there are numbers of people who come to town bringing their pains and aches with them. These increase every day. The enterprise of the merchants is scarcely more advantageous to the town than the skill of the doctors. The public hospitals, largely owing to their bad kitchens and indifferent service, are no longer highly regarded. Doctors who have private hospitals naturally fill them with their own patients. But there are many people who prefer going to a place frankly organized as a boarding house, where they are free to command, than to a private hospital, where they must fall in with the routine.

There has consequently come to pass a new sort of caravansary. This is a boarding house for sick people. It is usually situated near some hotel, and is called not a boarding house or hospital, but a nursing home. To it people go to enjoy the luxury of being ill. They may enter with any disease not contagious, and choose their doctor and their school. In every case it is a private enterprise, and usually is undertaken by some successful matron or nurse who knows of the demand for a place where people may be sick in their own way.

The house is fitted up with all of the luxurious appliances of a first-class hospital; a staff of trained nurses is in attendance. The invalid lives as a boarder with a private table. A dietary chef is attached to the kitchen. The best of the market is served. The linen, china, silver is of the handsomest. The service is arranged so as to tempt the languid appetite. The trays are covered with embroidered cloths. The color of the decoration is repeated in the china, and carried out in the pieces that accompany the tray. The sick one may have a yellow dinner, a violet tea, and breakfast may be a symphony in green. All the aesthetics and refinements of polite living are carried out. The expense is proportionate; but sickness admittedly is a luxury.

To die at a hotel is regarded as taking an undue advantage of a situation constructed altogether for purposes of living. It is not so bad here as in France, where a person so dying must not only pay a tax to the Government, but his heirs must practically indemnify the hotel proprietor for the indiscretion by buying all the furniture of the room in which he committed the act. A prominent hotel man says that within the past few years there is a notable indifference to the presence of death by the other guests of the hotel. People who have been living for years in some of the hotels are permitted to remain and be buried from the house. Some hotel men tell with pride that they have had funeral services in their houses as they point out rooms in which famous political slates have been made. But as a matter of fact a person who dies in a hotel is removed quietly in the night, or in the very early morning, as if they had committed some indecorous act, lest the other guests be made aware of it.

The inhospitality of the hotels to the dead has thrust on the undertaker a new office. This is the entertainment of the corpse, his family and friends. The undertaker is not only a funeral director, but a host. His shop conforms to this new office. He has taken the coffin out of the window. It is due to him to say that the coffin was always made as pleasant as possible. It was the best in the shop, luxuriously upholstered, and even frivolous with fringe and that sort of cut work the ladies curiously call "pinking." Notwithstanding this well-meant effort, the coffin in the window was always suggestive, and every one will be glad to see it removed. The entrance to any swell undertaker's might now be taken for an uptown broker's office, frequented by speculative women, or a safe deposit concern where people retire to cut off coupons.

It is a suite of apartments; an anteroom with parquet floor; India rugs, a high, decorated wooden mantel faced with tiles; high Chinese vases; an etching or two and some fine old oak furniture. Here is where the ordinary business of the undertaker is transacted. The most conspicuous change is in the room beyond, where he is accustomed to display his wares. This is now a reception room for the friends of those who die in hotels. It is cheerful in glowing dark red; there are soft opalescent lights, easy chairs, and even a photograph album on a table to give the place a homelike air. The room is wainscoted. This wainscoting is a series of closets in which stand on end a grim array of coffins. But of these no one need know unless he apply as a customer. Beyond this is a retiring room lighted by a soft dome of stained glass—yellow glass—and an attractive little fireplace. This is fitted up for the freshening of the toilet and the bathing of the tear-stained faces. To these refinements are added the sympathetic voice and Chesterfieldian manners of the modern undertaker.

Another instance of the need which the undertaker's consideration supplies is in the fact that in the new Church of St. Mary the Virgin, which has all the modern appliances for both spiritual living and dying, there is a mortuary chapel to which the homeless dead who desire the services of that church may be sent awaiting its last offices.

M. G. H.

Hanna's Approaching Test.

(Philadelphia Call.)

As a prestidigitateur Hanna is a political wonder. Whether he is destined to be as successful as a President dictator remains to be seen.

The Mystery of the Funding Bill.

Washington, May 5.—The mystery continues, and all predictions fail. The Pacific Railroad's funding bill does not "come up." It was to "come up" yesterday, and again it was to "come up" to-day. A week ago it was to have been "up." Its "coming up" is marked by the same delays that characterized its secret progress toward the distinction of being "reported." Your correspondent could fill a column every day with emphatic assertions about the time fixed for it by those "close" to Speaker Reed, "close" to Mr. Huntington, "close" to the House Committee on Rules—close to everything but the truth. As to speculation and conjecture by the "long-heads" (with ears to match), the entire paper would hardly suffice to hold all that. The total result of my observation is that the time when the Funding bill is to come up for debate in either House is unknown to any soul in Washington. That, however, is not saying that it is unknown to Mr. Huntington, who has no soul.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

Winners of Poster Prizes.

While one of the prize winners in the competition for the Century Company's midsummer poster is a German, and a Baron at that, it is gratifying to note that the first and second prizes have both gone to Americans.

It is slightly saddening, on the other hand, to discover that the Century Company itself did not know, until assured by the Journal's representative, that the prize winner, J. C. Leyendecker, really was an American artist. Mr. Leyendecker is a Chicago boy, who, after having, in the interests of an engraving concern, turned out some of the best guache drawings ever seen in the West, and, by a poster or two done for the religious paper, the Interior, proved his rank in that special class, is now studying in Paris. That the training there has already increased his ability to use the talent in him the winning design in this present competition proves. The design shows a smiling girl, with hair of a positive gold, with her lap full of pale yellow flowers, and red poppies forming a background and contrasting against the gilt sheen of the hair. The drawing is graceful, and the whole thing distinctly beautiful. In the advertising sense, however, it is doubtful if the winning poster is as valuable as the design by Maxfield Parrish, of Philadelphia, that came second. It is a figure of a brown, swart boy, naked, sitting with his hands clasped over his knees; the foreground is a dull green sward, and above, as background, straight trees in a deep blue make an effective contrast. The simplicity, the sharply outlined figure, treated almost silhouette-wise, make this perhaps the best design of the three in point of calling the attention of the general public to the thing advertised. Mr. Parrish, by the way, is getting to be a prize winner by profession; it was only the other day that he took the first colors in the Columbia competition.

The third design is by Baron Arild Rosenkrantz, of New York. It shows a Roman youth, in a red toga, stooping to kiss a tulip. The background is yellow. Only the head and shoulders of the figure are brought in.

Among the designs receiving honorable mention are two by women. One is by Miss Heustis, of New York, and depicts a girl in a blue gown flowered with tiger lilies. Miss Tourgee, daughter of Judge Tourgee, also gets into this class by a poster showing a man backed up against a tree, holding a copy of the magazine, but not reading it. As an advertisement this would hardly be useful, but its artistic qualities must have appealed to Mr. Elihu Vedder, Mr. Hopkinson Smith, and the architect, who formed the committee of award, sufficiently to allow its humorous features to be slighted.

The poster previously mentioned in this paper as being an exquisite bit of drawing, but hardly in the poster spirit, showing a girl seated on a lion, proves to have reached honorable mention. It is by Theodore Hampe, once of San Francisco, now of New York.

Deadly Rubber Tire in Paris.

Paris, April 25.—The easiest way of dying in Paris, as every one knows, is to get run over. The coachmen of other capitals run over people once in a way, and more often than not by accident. Parisian jehus look upon bowling over pedestrians as part of their profession, and when victims do not crop up of themselves they drive out of their course to find them. Latterly things have gone from bad to worse. A sudden freak of fashion has brought the India rubber tire into favor in the City of Light. The start was given to the new fad by the Au... maniacs, who imported rubber-tired sa... hansom cabs from London and glided roun... in them, amid the stares of their fellow-citizens, whom they knocked over like nine-pins while feeding their curiosity. Vehicles of this sort have been all the rage among young blades about town and smart Stock Exchange men. Still, had the matter ended here, it would have had no further effect than to produce a little extra animation in the accident wards in the hospitals, but there was more to follow. President Felix Faure got wind of the innovation through his son-in-law, M. Berge, who is a thoroughpaced sportsman and up to all the latest moves in the horsey world. The President's wish was to run a hansom of his own, but his Chief of the Protocol, the functionary whose business it is to see that he does not outrage the proprieties demanded of his rank, decided that the head of the state cannot keep up his dignity in a carriage with less than four wheels. A compromise was made, accordingly, and one afternoon M. Faure made the "round of the lake"—the classic drive in the Bois de Boulogne—in a brand new victoria furnished with the comfortable but deadly rubber tires. The day after carriages with rubber-tired wheels were the correct thing, and the damage was done. The most ardent followers of the new fashion had proved to be the ladies, and especially those who are often in society and yet all their lives out of it. No professional beauty who respects herself will now consent to her precious person being subjected to jolting, and, more like sylphs than ever, they spirit about on tires as bulky as those of their pneumatic bicycles. It takes a great deal to send up the death rate in a big city, but before these rubber tires had been in vogue a month they had come near to doing it. The villainous, noiseless vehicles stole upon you like a fiend unawares, and their privileged coachmen were so successful that they got tired of counting the scalps they took. Fortunately the Chief of the Paris Police has belled the cat. Paris awoke one morning to find its walls posted with a new police regulation ordering the owners of rubber-tired vehicles to attach a full-tongued bell or a chime of shrill small bells to their horses' harness. The result is that in the aristocratic quarters of the town and on the big boulevards one might imagine oneself in St. Petersburg with its tinkling troikas.

Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

(Second Notice.)

The two handsome volumes containing a biography and many of the letters of Dr. Holmes, which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish on the 9th of this month, are beautifully illustrated with portraits of the Doctor, some of his friends and colleagues, and also with pictures of the houses in which he lived. These houses he also loved, and he grieved sorely when the one in Cambridge, and later the one in Boston, in which his early married life was spent, were improved out of existence. Before Dr. Holmes had returned from Paris he was besought to write more frequently for publication, but he declined, and thus in a letter to his father noted the fact: "I received this week a letter from my old friend, John Sargent, which I shall answer tout de suite. He wants me to write in the New England Magazine, which he and Dr. Howe—the Grecian and blind compelling Dr. Howe—have bought. I have entirely relinquished the business of writing for journals, and shall say no, though Minerva and Plutus come hand in hand to bear me, the Cincinnatus of Science, from the plough tail she has commanded me to follow."

But Dr. Holmes's determination to desert literature did not last long, as soon after his return to Boston he published a volume of verse, much to the injury of his practice, which, by the way, never got to be very large. Sick people did not, it seems, care to trust so jolly a medicus, but they were still more suspicious of one who also printed rhymes. As a medical man Dr. Holmes's fame rests upon his lectures at Dartmouth and Harvard, his essays and his one original contribution to science, announced in his essay published in 1843, on the "Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever." The profession denied the truth of these discoveries for years, and as late as 1852 and 1854 two leading obstetricians of the country, Dr. Hodge and Dr. Meigs, both attacked Dr. Holmes's idea with language that was quite abusive. Abusive language could not kill the truth, and the knowledge of this truth has saved a great many lives. Dr. Holmes was an early microscopist and a patient investigator. He detested the conceit of half knowledge and once said: "Our American atmosphere is vocal with the flippant loquacity of half knowledge. We must accept whatever good can be got out of it, and keep it under as we do sorrel and mullein and witchgrass, by enriching the soil, and sowing good seed in plenty; by good teaching and good books, rather than by wasting our time talking against it. Half knowledge dreads nothing but whole knowledge."

While practising his profession and lecturing on anatomy Dr. Holmes, during the twenty years after he returned from abroad, did a good deal of literary work also, but he achieved no reputation out of the immediate neighborhood of Boston, where he was known as a very witty and clever man, with a pretty knack of writing occasional poems and a fondness for driving a horse of high spirit with dangerous rapidity. It has been said of him, by the way, that the chief attraction of his profession to him was that its practice made it necessary for him to keep a horse. His literary opportunity did not come to him till 1857, when the Atlantic Monthly was started, with James Russell Lowell as editor. Mr. Lowell stipulated that Dr. Holmes should be secured as his first contributor. This was not easy, as Dr. Holmes did not care to undertake any continuous literary work; but he was persuaded, and with the first number of the Atlantic began "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." These papers were instantly successful, and the success of the new magazine was secured, though 1857 was the most depressed year the country had known. The publishers of the Atlantic continued to be Dr. Holmes's publishers so long as he lived.

Dr. Holmes's nephew and namesake, Oliver Wendell Holmes Upham, of Salem, named a daughter after the heroine of the portrait and the verses, "Dorothy."

When Dr. Holmes knew of this, says Morse, he wrote and sent to his little grandniece a couple of stanzas, which make a pretty pendant to the original poem:

Dear little Dorothy, Dorothy Q.,
What can I find to write to you?
You have two U's in your name, it is true,
And mine is adorned with a double-u,
But there's this difference in the U's,
That one you will stand a chance to lose
When a happy man of the bearded sex
Shall make it Dorothy Q. x X.

May heaven smile bright on the blissful day,
teaches this lesson in algebra.
the orange blossoms crown your head,
read what your old great-uncle said,
And remember how in your baby-time
He scribbled a scrap of idle rylme,—
Idle, it may be—but kindly, too,
For the little lady, Dorothy Q.!

No poet was ever happier than Dr. Holmes in his occasional verses, but he was fearful that he wrote too many of them and frequently tried to get off. In 1878 he was invited by Mr. John Sargent, president of the New York Harvard Club, to attend the annual dinner and be the feature of it. In his reply, declining, he said:

"Another trouble is that I am tired out, completely, of getting on my legs in response to a sentiment more or less complimentary, and turning the winch of that old hand organ, of which you remember some of the first discords. I was asked to a dinner of one of the more recent literary associations here in Boston the other day, and I told them I would come only on one condition—no copy of verses or speech. Oh, John, John, dear John! I would almost crawl to New York to please you, old friend and constant friend as you are, but there are times when the 'hopper-grass,' as we country boys used to hear him called, is a burden, and I do feel just at this minute as if another cicada song before the hyacinths are out would be more than I could carry on my old shoulders. Next June I have promised to go to Andover, where they have a centennial, and give them a poem of some kind or other. Before this time I do not mean to be tempted. The sirens don't sing to me, confound 'em, but waggle their wings and tails and try to make me sing. * * * I have not been at New York since I had the great pleasure of meeting you there, and passed altogether a most charming week. I hope I shall get there again some time or other, for it deoxidizes and de-Bostonizes me, and I suppose I am as much of a provincial in many of my ways and feelings and prejudices as one who lives in the centre of the solar system can be."

In his admiration for Professor Agassiz, he used to call him "Liebig's Extract" of the wisdom of the ages. "And once, when the Professor was away," says Mr. Morse, "on one of his scientific excursions among some remote semi-civilized peoples, the Doctor said: 'I cannot help thinking what a feast the cannibals would have if they boiled down such an extract.'" One more anecdote from one of these very charming volumes, and my space is exhausted. "It happened once that a considerable body of Hon hunters made an attack in force, so that it was by no means one of the ordinary occasions. The Doctor was asked whether he did not enjoy it. 'Enjoy it!' he exclaimed. 'Why, I felt like the small elephant at the Zoo, with a cheap excursion party on his back!'"

JOHN GILMER SPEED.